MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS ILLUSTRATIONS OF ELLSWORTH YOUNG COPYRIGHT 1912 BY BOBBS MERRILL CO.

Francois Beaupre, a peasant babe of dree years, after an anusing incident in which Marshal New figures, is made a Chevaller of France by the Emperor Napoleon, who prophesied that the boy might one day be a marshal of Francois conder another Bonaparte. At the age of len Francois visits General Baron Gabard Gourgaud, who with Alixe, his seven-year-old daughter, lives at the Chateau. A soldler of the Empire under Napoleon he fires the boy's imagination with stories of his campaigns. The general offers Francois a home at the Chateau. A soldler of the Empire under Napoleon he fires the boy's imagination with stories of his campaigns. The general offers Francois a home at the Chateau. The boy refuses to leave his parents, but in the end becomes a copyist for the seneral and learns of the friends lip between the general and Marqual Sappi, who campaigned with high and his mother to escape to America asked Francois to be a friend of his son. The boy solemally promises. Francois goes to the Chateau to live. Marquis goes to the Chateau to liv

CHAPTER XIV .- Continued.

A person of more importance than Battista had fallen under the spell of Francois' personality. The governor bimself had been attracted by the young Frenchman. The governor, Count von Gersdorf, was a vain, discontented, brilliant Austrian, at odds with the world because he had not risen further in it. He was without society in this mountain fortress of his, and longed for it; he had a fine voice and no one to sing to; he liked to talk and had no one to talk to. Francois, with his ready friendliness, with his gift of finding good in every one, with his winning manner and simplicity which had the ease of sophistication, was a treasure-trove of amusement to the bored Austrian.

Things stood so with the prisoner at the time of his discovery of the identity of his jailer and of his jail. The governor at that time was away on a visit to Vienna, looking for a promotion; he came back elated and good-humored in the prospect of a change within the year. But the heart of Francois sank as he thought what the change might mean to him.

'Some day a marshal of France under another Bonaparte," he said to himself one day, staring through the bars at his window-he called the sky so. He smiled. "But that is nothing. To help place my prince on the throne of France that is my work-my life. He talked aloud at times, as prison-

ers come to do. He went on then, in

"If there were good fairies, if I had three wishes: Alixe-the prince made emperor--Francois Beaupre, a marshal of France." He laughed happily. "It is child's play. Nothing matters except that my life shall do its work. Even that is so small; but I have a great desire to do that. I believe I shall do that-I know it." And he fell to work on a book which he was planning, chapter by chapter, in his brain.

But, if he were to escape ever, the chance was increased infinitely by the going back and forth to the governor's room. A new governor might keep him shut up absolutely. It had been so while the count was away; then he had been ill, and the lieutenant in command would not let a doctor see him till he became delirious; that was the ordinary treatment of prisoners. Francois, thinking over these things on a day, fell with a sudden accent on the steady push of his longing for freedom, the conviction that he must



It Was Whispered Quickly.

get free before the count left, else opportunity and force for the effort would both be gone forever. And on that day Battista brought in his midday meal with a look and a manner which Francois remarked. "What is it, Battista?" he asked

The man answered not a word, but turned and opened the door rapidly and looked out. "I thought I had left the water-pitcher. Ah, here it is-I am stupid," he spoke aloud. And then, finger on lip dramatically, he bent over the young man. "My son-the little Battista-has had a letter. The young master wishes him to come to him in

two days." It was whispered quickly, and Battista stood erect.

"The signor's food will get coud if se signor does not eat it," he spoke or prisoners who do not appre-I shall bring less tomorrow." have him brought her cois, hardly hearing the something to tell us."

surly tones, had his hand on Battista's | Alixe, her letter in her hands, strug- | Sabre de bois! What is your news, arm, was whispering back eagerly.

with that, Battista was over him, was eyes feasting on Pietro's face, but murmuring words again. Something otherwise decorous.

## CHAPTER XV.

Good News.

In the garden of the chauteau of Vicques, where the stiff, gray stone vases spilled again their heart's blood of scarlet and etching of vines; where the two stately lines of them led down to the sundial and the round lawn-on one of the griffin-supported stone seats Alixe and Pietro sat, where Alixe and Francols had sat five years before.

As they sat in the garden, they had been going over the pros and cons of his life or death for the thousandth time. Pietro's quiet gray eyes were sad as he looked away from Alixe and across the lawn to the beech wood.

"God knows I would give my life quickly if I could see him coming through the trees there, as we used to see him, mornings long ago, in his patched homespun clothes."

Alixe followed the glance consideringly, as if calling up the little, brown, trudging figure so well remembered. Then she tossed up her head sharply -"Who?"-and then she laughed. "I shall be seeing visions next, like Francois," she said. "I thought it was he -back in the beech wood."

"I see no one." Pietro stared "But you have no eyes, Pietro-I can capable of initiative in speech. One always see a thing two minutes before must pump him painfully. you," Alixe threw at him. "There-the

"Oh," said Pietro. "Your eyes are asked. more than natural, Alixe. You see into a wood; that is uncanny. Yes, I

not know him," and they went on talk- always." ing, as they had been doing, of Francois.

And with that, here was Jean Phillippe Moison, forty now and fat, but still beautiful in purple millinery, advancing down the stone steps between the tall gray vases, making a symphony of color with the rich red of the flowers. He held a silver tray; a let-

ter was on it. "For mademoiselle."

Mademoiselle took it calmly and glanced at it, and with that both the cotman and the Marquis Zappi were astonished to see her fall to shivering, as if in a sudden illness. She caught Pietro's arm. The letter was clutched in her other hand thrust back

"Pietro!" "What is it; Alixe?" His voice was her shaking fingers, and he held them

strongly. "What is it, Alixe?" She drew forward the other hand; the letter shook. rustled with her

rembling. "It is-from Francois!" Jean Phillippe Moison having stayed to listen, as he ought not, lifted his eyes and his hands to heaven volubly, unrebuked. By now the unsteady fingers of Alixe had opened the Castelforte." paper, and her head and Pietro's were writing. Alixe, excited, French, exploded into a disjointed running com-

"From prison-our Francois-dear free!" And then, with a swift clutch touched food. again at the big coat sleeve crowding date-it is only two months ago. He was alive then; he must be alive now; he is! I knew it, Pietro! A woman knows more things than a man."

With that she threw up her head and fixed Jean Phillippe, drinking in purple one. all this, with an unexpected stern glance. "What are you doing here, Moison? What manners are these?" Then, relapsing in a flash into pure anxious old servant: "My dear, old. Francois is alive-in a horrible prison in Italy! But he is alive, Moison!" And with that, a sudden jump again into dignity. "Who brought this, Moison?"

Jean Phillippe was only too happy to have a hand in the joyful excitement. "Mademoiselle, the young pertold me to say to monsieur the marquis that he was the little Battista."

Pietro looked up quickly. "Alixe, it is the servant from my old home of whom I spoke to you. I can not imag-"I do not like to carry good ine how Francois got hold of him, but he chose a good messenger. May I for the good news!" have him brought here? He must have

gled in her mind. Then: "The letter then, you silly child?" will keep-yes, let him come, and we

what he may tell us." So Molson, having orders to produce Francois is alive!" From Castleforte! And he, Francois, at once the said little Battista, retired, must stay here in prison! His soul much excited, and returned shortlyswas wrung with a sudden wild home- but not so shortly as to have omitted sickness. He wanted to see Alixe, to a fling of the great news into the see his mother, to see the general; to midst of the servants' hall. He consee the peaceful little village and the ducted, marching behind him, the litsteep-arched bridge, and the poppy of six feet four, erect, grave, stately. fields, and the corn! The gray castle This dignified person, saluting the lady with its red roofs, and the beech wood, with a deep bow, dropped on one knee and the dim, high-walled library, how before his master, his eyes full of a ish. he wanted to see it all! How his heart worshiping joy, and kissed his hand. ached, madly, flercely! This was the Having done which, he arose silently worst moment of all his captivity. And and stood waiting, with those beaming

> First the young marquis said some of his childhood, and the big man stood with downcast eyes, with the



"You Must Save Him!"

color flushing his happy face. Then, "Battista," asked the marquis, "how gently. "But I never could." did you get the letter which you brought mademoiselle?" "My father," answered Battista la

conically. "How did your father get it?" "From the signor prisoner, my sig-

Alixe and Pietro looked at him atmeans this was possible. Pietro, re- and Alixe, watching him, saw it. membering the little Battista of old,

vaguely remembered that he was in-

"Was your father in the prison where the signor is confined?" Alixe

see him now. Mon dieu! he is a big briefly. They went back without delay his meadow. In the three months Pietro's wine, and little thought, as "A peasant-from some other vil- of his master. But he answered had grown old. The juices of his more right to it the prisoner had than lage," Alixe spoke carelessly. "I do promptly. "Yes, signorina; he is there youth seemed dried up; his eyes were he. It was a wonderful old liquid,

> "Always?" Pietro demanded alarm. "Is Battista a prisoner?" "But no, my signor." "What then? Battista, try to tell

> So adjured, little Battista made violent effort. "He is one of the jail-

ers, my signor.' "Jailers? For the Austrians?" The face of the marquis took all the joyful light out of the face of little Bat-

tista. "My signor," he stammered, "it could not be helped. He was there. He knew the castle. They forced him at ant song of France which he had refirst, and-and it came to be so."

"Knew the castle!" Pletro repeated. 'What castle?" Battista's eyes turned to his Master's like those of a faithful dog, trusting but not understanding. "What cas-

quiet as ever, but his hand was around tie, my signor? Castelforte-the signor's own cashe-what other?" A sharp exclamation from Alixe is confiscated; they use it as a prison. a droll comedy in Francois' rendering

Francois is a prisoner there, Pietro! All these years-in your own home!" and gave thanks in a general way, prison in Austria and Italy I have tried listen to a new one of his own. to find him in. I never dreamed of

pocket and brought out another letter. have him instructed where to find the

against her: "Pietro! See, see! The lurked discreetly back of the searest the castle might be vital, and who given orders, and the huge little Bat- and pistols hanging on the wall, and

wood, his face hardly older than when and sadder; his still soldiery gait less

heart; a quick thought came of that other who had been always with them. was kissing him, hugging him, push- prison. ing a letter into his hand, up his sleeve, into his face-anywhere. "Father-good news-the best news

-almost the best! Father, be ready "I'am ready," the general growled

And Alixe, shaking very much, laid "To Vicques," the low answer came, can read it all the better after for her hand on his cheek and looked earnestly into his eyes. "Father,

For all his gruff self-control the general made the letter an excuse shortly to sit down. Queer, that a man's knees should suddenly bend and give way because of a thrill of rapture in a man's psychological make-up! But the stream that ran through it, and the tle Battista, an enormous young man general had to sit down. And then and there all that had been extracted from little Battista was rehearsed, and the letter read over from start to fin-

"But he is alive, father! Alive! That is happiness enough to kill one. I never knew till now that I feared he was dead."

"Alive-yes! But in prison-in that waste. Diable! He is perishing in that vile stable! What was that the lad said about the doctor's speech. that only a long sea voyage could save him? One must get him out, mon dieu,

Alixe, her hand on his arm, put her head down on it suddenly and stood Italian, shaking her forefinger at him; her eyes shone blue fire.

found him! Now is the time for you talking. "The wine is so old that I to show if you can be what is brave think it must have been stocked beand strong, as Francois has shown. It fore the time of the last lord of the is your castle; you must save him." Pietro looked at the girl, and the color crept through his cheeks, but he

said nothing. arm around her. "One may not demand heroism as if it were bread and butter. Pietro will not fail us." "Alixe always wished me to be bril-

"Yet, Pietro, it is indeed your time," Alixe threw at him eagerly, "Francois must be rescued or he will die." "Yes," Pietro answered quietly.

liant like Francois," Pietro spoke

"Francois must be rescued." He was silent a moment, as if thinking. His calm poised mind was working swiftly; one saw the inner action tentively, not comprehending by what in the clear gray eyes. The general "I think I know how," he sald.

## CHAPTER XVI.

The Stone Staircase.

Battista's prisoner stood at the explained. barred window high up the steep side The little Battista turned his eyes of the castle and stared out wistfully fact seemed an odd one. And then on her a second, approvingly, but at the receding infinity of bluenessto their affair of devouring the face since his letter had gone to France, he he urged it on his prisoner, how much the dead level of the hopeless years before There was a new tenseness in the lightly-built figure, even in the long, delicate, strong fingers. The prisoner had caught a whiff of the air of home and was choking for a full

"You are not well, my friend," said the governor. "The doctor must see

But Francols refused lightly and laughed and fell to singing an old peasmembered lately; he got up on the table and droned it to an imaginary fiddle which he pretended to play after the manner of old Jacques Arne, who played for dances in Vicques. And the governor was taken with a violent fancy for it. He roared at it, and sang it over in fragments till he had learned it, and then he sang it and roared summed up everything. "Your castle again and slapped his knee; there was also, not to be explained-and the count said that Francois must come to "I never dreamed of that," Pietro his rooms the next night for dinner spoke, thinking aloud. "Every other and sing him the song again and also

So Francois was taken down the stone staircase and conducted to the At the end of the interview the little two rooms which were the governor's bent over it, devouring the well-known Battista put his hand into his breast suite. He knew them well, for he had BOTH PERSONAL AND SOCIAL dined many times with the count. But thickly folded. Would mademoiselle tonight he was left alone a few moments in the outer room, the livingmother of the signor prisoner? He had room, while the governor was in the Francois!" And then: "Five years, promised to put this into her own bedroom, and he looked about keenly Pietro! Think-while we have been hands. He must do it before he with a strained attention which grew out of the suppressed hope of escape. And Jean Phillippe Moison, who had Who knew what bit of knowledge of stone vase, not missing a syllable, was knew how soon? He noted the swords tista was sent off up the stone steps marked a light saber whose scabbard between the scarlet flowers, up the was brightly polished as if the blade velvet slope of lawn, in charge of the also were kept in good order. On the table he saw the flint and steel with Half an hour later the general, which Count von Gersdorf lighted his walked up from the village, walked pipe; he stepped to the window and slowly, thoughtfully through the beech | bent out, scanning the wall. A stone coping, wide enough for a man's foot, human trust and affection toward the he had come to Vicques, but sterner but little more, ran, four feet below; ten feet beyond the window it ended. It is rumored that Miss Tootoo Kylgood Moison-he is alive-Monsieur buoyant than it had been five years in the roof of a shed, a sloping roof ling has broken her engagement to where a man could drop down, yes, or Mr. Dedleigh Bohr. But Dedleigh He saw Alixe and Pietro coming even climb up with ease. A man, that seemed quite cheerful last Saturday joyfully toward him, running light is, who had climbed when a boy as at his club. heartedly, calling to him with excited Francois had climbed-like a cat for guy voices. It stabbed the general's certainty and lightness. But what ing-Spendars are not so happy togeththen, when one was in the courtyard? er as they might be. Our readers It was walled about with a stone wall will remember that Mrs. Spendar was conquests of Napoleon, because the now dead or worse, of that other whom sixteen feet high; these old ancestors France, to serve him. He is going in son speaks little language. But he these two had forgotten. And with of Pietro, who had built this place, had belie of Boston. Mr. Spendar 's more the world could not spare the martial that they were upon him, and Alixe planned well to keep Pletro's friend in than attentive to Mrs. Jimmy Over-

> by that point, drew in his head from and Keape. He comes of an ancient the open window and took to examin- family. A greater part of this last ternity. We could well spare the ing the walls of the governor's room. There were three doors one from the Cliffs, the summer home of the F. hall by which he had come, one beimpatiently. "What is this foolery? hind which he now heard the count

door one night a month before, into a hand was over Francois' mouth. dark, winding, stone staircase, and dis- "Not a word," he whispered, and

"A fine stock they put down therethe Italians who ruled here for eight hand in his coat pocket clutched the hundred-odd years," he had said, "I've letter, lowered it a bit. A good spacious winethe better for a little." And Francois tered, and then again, "The bread"had watched him as he put the brass with a sharp prod-"The loaf of bread" key back on the chain which hung from his belt.

At this point of memory the room door opened, and the governor shut away from life, would likely have came out, in great good humor and read the letter instantly, would inready to eat and drink as became an stantly have examined the long round Austrian soldier. The dinner was loaf lying before him. Francois was brought in, but Francois, for all his ill and weak and it was the first word efforts to do his part, could not swall for five rears from his own people, low food, or very little. The fever, the which lay in his hand; he sat as if unrest burning in him, made it impos- turned to stone, touching the paper as sible. Count Gersdorf looked at him if that were enough; he sat perhaps seriously when dinner was over; as fifteen minutes. yet Francois, talking, laughing, sing- Then suddenly a breathlesaness ng, had eaten not over half a dozen dame over him that something might mouthfuls. "Certainly you are not well," he said.

And then he nodded his head and his care not to rustle the paper, deaden small eyes gleamed with a brilliant ing the sound under his bedclothes, thought. "I know a medicine better he read it, kneeling by the bed. It was than a doctor's." He stood up and his four letters-from his mother and fingers were working at the chain of Alexe and the general and Pietro; keys at his belt. Francois watched but the first three were short. He felt them and saw the thin, old, brass key indeed, reading them, that no words which he slipped off. "A bottle of had been written, that only the arms wine of our Italian ancestors-yours of the people he loved had strained devil's hole of an old castle!" And and mine, Beaupre"-the count about him and their faces laid against Alixe looked at Pietro and laughed, chuckled-"that will cure you of your seeing his old servant and the friend but the general paid no attention. "He ills for this evening at least." He slid must be got out. There is no time to the key into the lock and said, half to himself, "My little brass friend never leaves the belt of Albrecht von Gersdorf except to do him a pleasure, bless him!" And then, "Hold the candle Beaupre-well, come along down-it can do no harm and I can't manage a light and two bottles."

So Francois followed down the twistso for a moment, her face hidden, ed, headlong, stone staircase and found Pietro, his hands thrust deep in his himself, after rather a long descent, pockets, looked at the general with holding the lamp high, gazing curiouswide gray eyes, considering. With that | ly about the walls of a large stone Alixe flashed up, turned on the young room lined with shelves, filled with bottles.

"A show, isn't it?" the Count von "That is for you, Pietro. If we Gersdorf demanded. "Here, hold the should lose him now, just as we have light on this side," and he went on castle." And Francois, holding the light, re

membering the Marquis Zappi, thought so too. The count pointed to a square "Alixe, my Alixe," her father put an stone in the wall which projected slightly, very slightly.

"That is the door to a secret stock of some sort, I have always thought,' he said. "Probably some wonderful old stuff saved for the coming of age of the heir, or a great event of that sort. I wish I could get at it," and he stared wistfully at the massive block. "But I cannot stir it. And I don't let anyone but myself down here-not I." The count turned away and they mounted the two stories of narrow steps, for the governor's rooms were on the second floor, and the staircase ran from it between walls, down underground. "The old chaps must have thought a lot of their wine to have the cellar connect directly with their own rooms-for Battista tells me these

And to François, considering it, the the governor set to work drinking bloodshot, his skin yellow; there was full of a strange dim sparkle, and of no flesh on him. The waiting and most exquisite bouquet. As he drank hoping had worn on him more than it Francois silently toasted its owner on his return to his own again. He took so little as to disgust the governor, but it put fresh life into him, and when at last he could leave the count, who was by that time more than fairly drunk, he went up to his cold prison under the roof quieter and more at peace than he had been for months.

## CHAPTER XVII.

A Loaf of Bread.

The next morning Battista came in with a manner which to the observing eve of his prisoner foretold distinctly some event. He talked more than usual, and more gruffly and loudly, but at last, after wandering about the room some minutes, all the time talking, scolding, he swooped on Francols

moving in his bedroom, and a third. | and thrust a thick paper into his coast The count had gone through this last and at the same instant his heavy left

appeared for three minutes, and then- "The loaf of bread." brought up a bottle of wonderful wine. Francois, struck dumb and blind turned hot and cold, and his shaking

But Battista prodded him with his cellar and grand old wine. You will be hard forefinger. "Be careful," he mutand the door had clanged. Battista

was gone. A strong man, who had not been

happen before he could read it-this Writing which, whatever it should say 'I think the doctor should see you." | meant life and death to him. Taking



The Count Pointed to a Square Stone in the Wall.

his, and that so, wordlessly, they had told him but one thing-their undying love. Weak, lonely, his intense temperament stretched to the breaking point by the last three months of fearful hope, it was more than he could bear. He put the papers against his cheek and his head dropped on the bed, and a storm of tears tore his soul and body. But it was dangerous; he must not be off his guard; he remembered that swiftly, and with shaking fingers he opened Pietro's letter-Pietro's letter which, yellowed and faded but distinct yet, in the small clear writing, is guarded today with those other letters in the mahogany desk in Virginia.

"My dear brother Francois," the letwere always the rooms of the Za-of ter began, and quick tears came again the lords of the castle," the governor at that word "brother," which said so searched for you and never forgotten

you. I will tell you that when I see you. This is to tell you how to get out of that house of mine which has held you as a prisoner when you bught to have been its welcome guest. When Italy is free we will do that over; but we must get you free first. François. am now within five miles of you-

The man on his knees by the prison bed gasped; the letters staggered before his eyes.

"I am living on a ship, and I will explain how I got it when I see you. a few days now, Francois, Every nigh for a week, beginning with tonight there will be a person watching for you in Riders' Hollow, from midnight till daylight. After that we shall go away for two weeks so as to avoid giv ing suspicion, and then repeat the arrangement again every night for \* week. You do not know Riders' Hoilow, and it is unnecessary to tell you more about it than that it is a lonely place hidden in trees, and supposed to be haunted by ghosts of men on horse back; the people about will not grthere for love or money except by broad daylight.



Items of More or Less Interest That Concern the Doings of the "Best Families."

The engagement is announced of Miss Tuffle Show, daughter of Mrs. Hoaleigh Show, to Mr. William Mar tingale Yuceless, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Worsen Yuceless.

Mr. Worsen Yuceless, by the way comes of a good old family. They have always been fashionable. His uncle, G. How-Wursen Yuceless, is an intellectual man, having written the society notes for a fashion paper nearly a whole season. And his son, Martingale, once took a prize at a horse show.

It is whispered that the F. Spendthe charming Miss Freeks, a noted So Francols, not hopeful of a sortie seen with the young duke of Borro season he was a visitor at Koopon Spending-Spendars.

for an active social season. She is now visiting her sister, Mrs. P. de V. Blasee Rounders. Their charming cousin, Mrs. McEvoy Ondek, returns from Europe Saturday on the Nausea -or is it the Crown Princessen von Gotter Damerung? Time will tell .-

There Are Wars and Wars.

As one glances over the pages of

history, one finds wars, it is true, which are blots upon the records of man; but one also finds wars without which the world would have been incomparably the poorer that we could never have done without them. And one also perceives to his astonishment if he is a "practical man," that the wars which have been gigantic blunders and crimes have all been wars for the attainment of practical ends, like territory, or markets, or wealth, while the wars which the world could not have done without have all been wars for abstract principles, for beliefs, for religions, for mad dreams and seemingly impossible hopes. The world could well spare the wars were merely for Napoleon; but conflicts surrounding and realizing the load, while Mrs. Spendar is constantly French revolution, because it was war for those abstract and sensible absurdities, liberty, equality and fra Mexican war, which was a fight for territory, but we could not at all get along without the Civil war, which Mrs. Leeds Thegang is preparing was a war for man.-The Atlantic.

Their Dull Lives. "Rich wamen have no real joys." "No; the stores never have a clearing sale of diamond necklaces."

Don't buy water for bluing. Liquid blue is almost all water. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Adv. A good guesser is generally a man-

who prides himself on his superior judgment. Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops work

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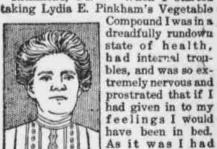
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Richmond, Pa. - "When I started



state of health. had internal troubles, and was so extremely nervous and prostrated that if I had given in to my feelings I would have been in bed. As it was I had hardly strength at

times to be on my feet and what I did do was by a great effort. I could not sleep at night and of course felt very bad in the morning, and had a steady headache.

"After taking the second bottle I noticed that the headache was not so bad, I rested better, and my nerves were stronger. I continued its use until it made a new woman of me, and now I can hardly realize that I am able to do so much as I do. Whenever I know any woman in need of a good medicine I highly praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." - Mrs. Frank CLARK, 3146 N. Tulip St., Richmond, Pa.

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